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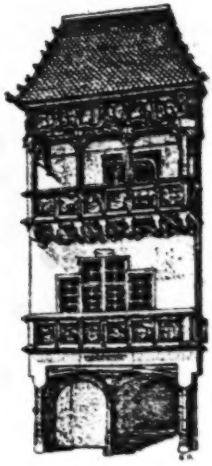

*Innsbruck, Goldenes Dachl.*

Europe is distinguished from the other continents by its combination of the maximum number of diversities in the minimum space. Austria is similarly singled out among the other European countries. And within Austria, the same distinction applies to Tyrol. The strong feeling of unity found in this province, contrasted with the diversities of its population, landscape and climate make it as strange yet alluring as its own name—Tyrol ....

THE FORMATION OF THE PROVINCE. North Tyrol can be said to be divided into two by the axis of the Brenner line and to be evenly balanced on either side of it. Taking Innsbruck as lying on the axis itself, we have Hall and Zirl, Telfs and Schwaz, Imst and Jenbach, balancing one another. The two great valleys on either side, the Ötztal and the Zillertal, have the Silltal between them. The curve of the Inn near Landeck is counterbalanced by its bend near Wörgl; there its upper branch runs south, as here its lower branch runs north; there the railway leaves the river and climbs to the snowy Arlberg, here it branches off to the ski-ers' paradise on the heights between Kitzbühel and Hochfilzen.

In the Alps the Seefelder Sattel forms a continuation of the north-south axis. On the one side stretch the Mieminger and the Wetterstein, on the other the chain of the Karwendel. The pass and lakes of the Fern lead from the Upper Inn Valley, the lake and pass of Achen from the Lower Inn Valley towards Bavaria.

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*Egger-Lienz: Duhes of Death.*

differ from valley to valley and often from village to village. Strong, blond giants are to be found side by side with dark-haired, slender, agile men. In a few disproportionately-built men and women lives on the race of the giants of legend.

As the peasant, so his cattle. In the valley of the Lower Inn the cattle are heavily built and piebald; in the Upper Inn Valley there is a lightly built, grey type, rich in milk, growing in grace and agility as the pasturage becomes more scanty and difficult of access. In the mountain villages and remote enclaves there still survive many individual specimens of breeds which are otherwise becoming extinct.

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The inhabitant of the valley of the Upper Inn builds his house of stone, he of Lower of wood. The one keeps house and farm undivided, the other divides up the farm and even the house, so that not only may several families live under one roof, but in the four corners of a large kitchen there are sometimes four ranges, each belonging to a different person who is expected to keep within the imaginary lines which mark out his own share of the floor. The Lower Inn rings with laughter and song and no one is ashamed of an illegitimate child. The inhabitant of the Upper Inn is reserved and sparing of speech; with him, the smouldering of no less violent passions is not easily to be detected.

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There are many varieties of dialect. The people of the Ötztal call "Ferner" what those of the Zillertal name "Kees" and which are called "Gletscher" —glaciers—only by the town-dwellers. The drawling and slurred vowel sounds, the clipped nasal consonants of the mountain dwellers, recall the speech of Latin races. The accent of the lowlander, in contrast, is graceful and often almost affected. In the broad valleys branching off from the main Inn Valley the inhabitants of the inner and outer valleys have little in common. In the Gschnitztal, for instance, Trins is a Romanish settlement, whereas Gschnitz at the foot of the valley is of German

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origin. One consequence of all this is that anyone who moves from his own parish, even if only to a neighbouring one, is regarded all his lifetime as an "immigrant".

city. The bronze Guards of Honour who, it was planned, should watch over him in the grave, belong to the many great conceptions which are perhaps most impressive in their unfulfillment.

With Maximilian, whose body actually lies buried in his native town of Wiener Neustadt, the star of Tyrol began to wane. Under Ferdinand I the Province became affected by the religious and social unrest of the Reformation, which was embodied in the person of Michel Gaismair; at the same time, however, the Council of Trent met in the south of the Province.

It was this ruler who divided his provinces into three, and for a hundred years Tyrol had its own regents. The very first one, the Archduke Ferdinand, won the heart of the Tyrolese through his love match with Philippine Welser, of Augsburg, as well as through his encouragement of the arts and sciences, which found lasting expression in the collection of Schloss Ambras, near Innsbruck.

Next it was a princess, Claudia of Medici, whose memory was enshrined in Tyrolese hearts, above all through the courageous rule of her Chancellor, Wilhelm Biener, who lived at Büchsenhausen near Innsbruck and who fell a victim to the executioner's sword in the fortress of Rattenberg. It was at this time that the Porta Claudia was set up at Scharnitz as a protection against the Swedes. Tyrol indeed escaped the Thirty Years' War, but

borage and rosemary and the coloured glass balls on sticks are the pride of the farmer's wife. 351

On entering the house it is easy to find one's way round. The living room and kitchen are on the ground floor, the sleeping quarters on the first story. The living room is panelled. In a darker corner away from the window stands the cosy, tiled stove, and in the window-nook the large table. A small bench runs the length of the walls, spreading out to form a comfortable chimney corner behind the stove. The cupboards are built into the walls and the tall grandfather-clock is built into the panelling. A font of holy-water is always to be found at the right hand side of the door, and a crucifix, decorated with a red and a yellow ear of maize, gives its blessing to the daily bread from the window corner overlooking 342 352 353

286 531

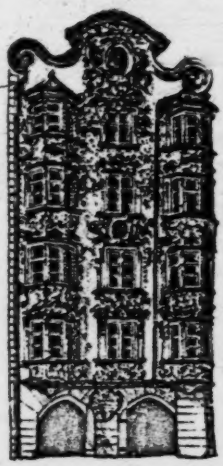
*Weaving Pattern, XVII Century.*

137 sometimes fantastic in shape. Its needles are double the length of those of the pine tree, of softest blue-green, sometimes black-green, in contrast to the blue-grey of the pine. The cones of the stone pine are the largest of any. If one breaks a twig, a pleasant-scented resin oozes out.

As soft and delicate as is the impression conveyed by the larch, so is that given by the pine dark and sturdy. No fields lie below it, only rocks, the leaves of christmas roses and juniper.

The last of the firs and larches which have thrust their way up into the higher altitudes are of a different type. The larch has become bearded, fissured and gigantic, retaining few of its more delicate charms. The great weight of snow has pressed the branches of the mountain fir close to the trunk and crushed them downwards towards the ground. In winter wild creatures seek refuge from the elements in the warm tents provided by the down-bent branches. What appears in the distance to be the well-formed crown of a single fir-tree is revealed on nearer approach to be the tops of a whole family of trees. Closely grouped around the parent tree, children and children's children have come to maturity in its shadow. They afford mutual protection and shelter and have become to such an extent one single tree-family that when the progenitor in their midst begins to decay, its descendants close the gap until the ancestral tree has recovered itself as the rejuvenated and immortal tree of the species. [342] Only the fir-trees—and of these, only the mountain firs—behave in this way. Larches and pines have no family ties. The lightning which fells one of them, the storm which uproots it, affects that one tree alone.

Anyone who imagines that he is leaving the abundance of the valley for the poverty of the mountain will be surprised when he finds luxuriant virgin forest. But he will lose his astonishment when he discovers that he is treading under foot black, peaty earth more fertile than can be found in any garden. Only where the inimical wind and snow ravage the mountain passes does the realm of the last giants end. Only whatever can live through the winter beneath the snows, and nothing else, can survive here to flourish luxuriantly during the brief summer. Here is the lovely world of alpine flora. One's foot sinks deep into rich carpets. The crocus



*Baroque House in Innsbruck.*

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*Leopoldskron Castle.*

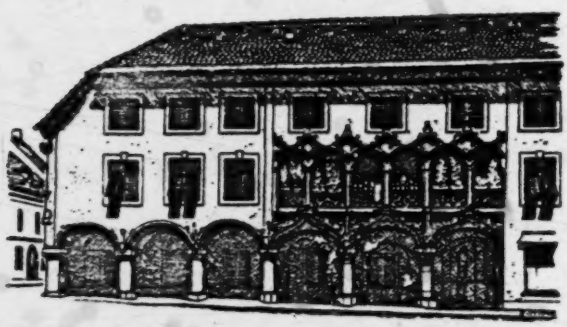
133 "The picture would be incomplete if one failed to mention the many spots where the green of the meadows, moors and hills is pierced by rocky, barren stone. Constantly the soft blanket of earth is broken by a chalky dolomite hump, a rocky ridge of the same ancient grey as the massive Hohensalzburg, which rises sharply or in milder contours from the soil. The Gaisberg also displays this almost yellowed grey tone, particularly in places where the new motor highway cuts into it, carrying a suggestion of the skin of a snake, or of the sun-bleached baroque façades which are such a feature of Salzburg. But one would seek in vain for a comparison for the proud, starkly outlined peaks of bare rock, which here and there jut out from the crest of the Untersberg.

"Turning towards the south-east, one cannot fail to be reminded of the sandstone of the Vienna Basin, the so-called Mediterranean Terraces of tertiary rock on which, as Stifter says, "the fiery stream of wine lies slumbering". The Plainer Hills are of a similar rock-formation, rising above the later morraines and the moors of the Salzburg plain. According to dependable reports, there was once a vineyard here which became the basis of the cellars of the good monks of St. Peter's in the valley below."

000 Our traveller, aroused at last from solitary contemplation, found himself alone on the tower of Hohensalzburg. His cheeks changed colour, for the air had undergone as great a change as the walls of the fortress, and the sun suddenly lost its power. To the West lay a leaden pall which within seconds dissolved in rain, sweeping in sheets over the blotted-out plain. The long grass visibly and gratefully revived beneath it, and from the moors rose clouds of mist. But before the ground was really damp, the sun was victorious, building its own triumphal arch across the heavens. Not enough with one, two

their slaves, the Slavs, before them with their whips. After the year 800 A.D. when Charlemagne had broken the tyranny of the Avars, there came monks from Salzburg to preach Christian doctrines and with them Bavarian peasants. But soon the Magyar invaders swept in to interrupt the peaceful work of these settlers among the natives. Only after the Battle of Lechfeld was it resumed. Then, with the vigour of the adolescent Western world as a spur, a civilisation based on the hard work of a simple peasantry grew throughout the centuries into that unobtrusive, modest culture which has survived all the hard tests of the past. In those early days the villages grew up on river banks and in sheltered corners between hills, overshadowed and protected by the castles of the ruling knights; the Riegersburg, which crowns the steep slopes of the Felsberg, is a fine example of the latter. Protection from the danger which always threatened from the East was afforded by the frontier towns of Friedberg, Hartberg, Fürstenfeld and Radkersburg. The burghers who lived in them and in the market-towns, proud of their social position, yet in close contact with the country-folk, kept the latter in touch with the developments of the age and brought to them profitable trade.

The Raab, the chief river of East Styria, flows broad, sluggish and dark from the districts where the villages melt into fertile fields and the storks nest on rooftops and chimneys. As it hurries through Passail the river is still an immature mountain stream. From this remote and pleasant market-town Peter Engelbrecht once found his way to the Imperial Court in order to teach Latin grammar to Maximilian, later the first emperor of this name. Further on, below the old Stubenberg castle of Stubegg lies Arzberg, where, as the name suggests, lead ore (with a silver content) was mined.



*Bruck-on-the-Mur, Kornmesshaus.*

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Erzberg.

Then the walls of the Goller and the Gösser close in on the river at Raabklamm. Through this gorge a series of stone steps, foot-paths and bridges lead above the roaring, turbulent waters.

At the other end of this gorge rises Gutenberg, a fine castle which owes its impressive lines to the Stubenberg family to whom it has belonged since the 13th century.

361 St. Ruprecht-on-the-Raab owes its name to the Archbishopric of Salzburg which owned properties here since the year 860. Once a large parish and the judicial centre of an important district, it is today a notable market town which is sought out by holiday makers who appreciate its mild and health-giving summer climate.

Here the Weizbach joins the main stream; on its upper reaches lies the township of Weiz, a centre of industrial activity whose foundries even in far-off ages disturbed 361 the placidity of the countryside, into which it is constantly spreading out its tentacles. Its landmark is the partly romanesque Taborkirche, records of which date from 1188. [346] The church on the Weizberg is built high above the town. Its exuberant-baroque twin towers afford a commanding view of the countryside in all directions. The cherished "Himmelsbergerin" as pilgrims call the shrine, is the work of Veit Königer, the Styrian baroque sculptor, and the painter Ritter von Mölk. The famous Renaissance Hall of the Joanneum at Graz was removed thence from Radmannsdorf Castle, today the seat of the Prefecture. Gleisdorf, once an old trading centre, was built on the ruins of Celtic civilisation. Many a well-preserved burgher's house bears witness to the prosperity of former times.

133 Just before Feldbach, the old market-town of the old Duchy which was raised
361 to the status of a municipality in 1884, the road turns off which leads past Castle
342 Kornberg with its many towers to the Riegersburg. The little town of the same name lies snugly ensconced on the lower slopes of the steep basalt rocks which are crowned by one of the most famous castles of the Province. Through seven gateways the approach winds into the inner courtyard, where a deep well is covered by a fine superstructure in wrought iron. Although Rutgerespurc Castle dates from the

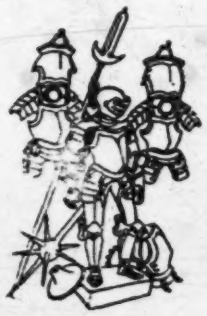
### ON THE ERZBERG.

*Styria is called "The Iron Province", and if one recalls the Armoury in Graz, that unique storehouse of the militant frontiersmen, one realizes how applicable is this name which chroniclers and poets are so fond of giving to the Province. It applies firstly to the mountain which forms the heart and centre of the countryside, the Erzberg. Since the times of the Romans the work of the miners on its slopes has been developed from early primitive methods to those of modern technique; the tall mountains around, and the old houses below the castle of the Oswaldkirche maintain the warmth and romance of Styria amid more mundane surroundings. The buried treasures of the mountains were wielded into useful implements by the mills in Vordernberg and the iron works in the forest-glades until, in the middle of the 19th century, the works were able to make use of the newly-discovered brown coal mines. On this combination were founded the great iron works of Donawitz and Kapfenberg, which have made the name of Styria known throughout the world.*

*The Erzberg alone is enough to make Styria a rich Province. According to the legend it was in bygone times a mountain just like any other. One day a murmon was caught in the Leopoldsteinersee. In return for his freedom he offered mountain treasure as ransom—gold to last one year, silver for ten, or iron to last for ever. The natives chose the last named.*

*The rust-brown iron mountain rises to a height of 2,400 feet by a series of gigantic steps, at the foot of which lies the market-town of Eisenerz, crowned by the "Schichtturm" and an old fortified church. Here beats the heart of the "Iron Marches" in its metallic depths. Thousands of miners can be seen on the iron-ore terraces, many of them working on the mountain as*

12th century, it owes its present form and the insolent splendour of the interior mostly to the "Gallerin", born a Baroness von Wechsler, whose adventurous career is even today the source of many much appreciated stories.



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The Raab, along the banks of whose quiet, swiftly-flowing waters stand the great mills of the district, passes on into Hungary. Its basin has been made prosperous by peasant industry and toil.

The Feistritz starts its romantic course through Styria on the western slopes of the Wechsel, born of springs which arise amidst the wild mountain scenery of the Stuhleck and the Pretul Alps. For a considerable distance it is confined in a narrow valley, past Rettenegg and Ratten where the mining of brown coal has brought strange people and customs to the old forest peasant village, and is followed by the road and railway which serve the farms scattered on the mountain slopes or congregated into villages.

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Birkfeld, the old market-town of the Duchy lies well above the river. Anger, on the other hand, lies in the depths of the valley, surrounded by fruit trees, its dreams of the peaceful comfort of older times nowadays disturbed by the asbestos mills and the trucks from the soapstone quarries at Rabenwald. Through the cleft between Rabenwald and the Kulm, which affords a widespread view of the countryside, the Feistritz changes its direction to flow

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[342]

*Hartberg.*

east, and later southwards. Before it comes out into the open valley it passes below the forest-clad ruins of the ancient fortress of Stubenberg, the family seat of an old Styrian ruling family. Once again the Feistritz is swallowed up by a dark forest gorge, the Herbersteinklamm, at the end of which arises an imposing castle of the same name. Many periods have made their contribution to it—romanesque, gothic, renaissance, baroque. Peasants' straw-thatched farmhouses join the villages on the outskirts of the broad valley. Orchards follow the line of the low forest hills and on either side of the wide river lie fertile fields. Through an avenue of poplars the road leads to the picturesque and harmonious Castle Feistritz, well-hidden by the surrounding forests.

361 Out of the broad plain which was once owned by the Dukes of Styria rises Fürstenfeld, built up by the industry of its inhabitants, which has yet suffered the hardships of a frontier town up to the present day. The knights of Malta, evidence of an unbroken tradition, retain today their claim to a share in the property of the parish church which dates from 1232. A tobacco factory which has been established with its many branch buildings near the old castle soon recalls to lead us to the present.

133 The strip of land between the Feistritz and the Province of Burgenland is cut by the parallel rivers, the Safen and the Lafnitz. The hills which divide the two valleys rise up from the vineyards and forests until at Rabenwald and Massenberg they tower far above the stately Waldberge. Northwards these hills are overshadowed by the forest-clad mountains of the Jogelland which shut in the earlier course of the River Lafnitz.

*Riegersburg.*

133 342 At the foot of the mountains, between the serried rows of village houses which have often had to be rebuilt in the course of their tragic history, stand the residences

*did their grandfathers before them. On holidays they wear the sober Maximilian miner's formal dress as has been the custom for centuries. Work above ground has made the old shafts obsolete, a giant electric crane replaced the old trucks.*

*Three roads once led to Vordernberg, on the other side of the Erzberg. The brown ores brought iron ore, the black ones coal and the white, flour. Up to the time of Emperor Joseph II this once-wealthy mining and industrial town had the trading monopoly for all iron ore smelted there. Since Donawitz has been able to draw coal from Steegraben, the blast furnaces of Vordernberg have fallen on evil days.*

*Styria is also called "The Green March", because of the woods which cover the spurs of the alps, as vast forests in the heights and as cool carpets between the vineyards of the lowlands. They are peopled by mountain dwellers of ancient and hardy stock such as the Archduke Johann knew and loved. That princely friend of the people rescued the Province from economic and mental decay, making of it a pleasant garden where the concerns founded and encouraged by him exist today. Johann gave proof of his love for Styria by taking one of its daughters for his wife. The people and the forests have grown together to make up what is implied by the term "forest motherland."*

### *IN THE CAPITAL.*

*The pleasantest way to reach Graz is to cross the Ries. The road descends in ever-sharper curves until after one steep drop one finds oneself facing the five terraces of the town. At once the eye is caught by the Schlossberg with its corpulent Clock Tower.*

*A sky of southern blue sets off the grey stones of the main square. Outside the Rathaus the flower and vegetable market is a riot of colour. The character*

of provincial nobility, originally built for defence and as a refuge for the villagers, which today illustrate modern farming methods or have become seats of responsible national education. Castle Neudau, the old Wasserburg may be named as one example of many. 133 342

Close to the edge of the mountains, at the foot of the Ringkogel, over which the Romans built the Säumerstrasse, lies the town of Hartberg amidst country which has been cultivated since the earliest times. Today it is the seat of various administrative authorities, an outpost of northern East Styria. The fine lines of the baroque tower of the local parish church puts it ahead of many other pleasing pieces of architecture in Hartberg. 361

Pöllau, the market-town between Rabenwald and Massenberg has become famous on account of its old monastery church, a spacious building distinguished by its fine workmanship. The most important interior decoration is the painting by the Master who created the Pöllau frescoes, Matthias von Görz. 361 346 532

The ancient Monastery of the Prebendaries at Vorau stands in solitary grandeur. Founded in the 12th century, razed to the ground by fire and rebuilt, ravaged by wars and consequently fortified like a castle, showing signs of decay yet refurbished in the styles of successive periods with added beauties, it has always been a centre of monastic discipline and learning, and of the religious and educational work carried on by the priests in the mountains and valleys of the district. The church has two German towers. On the walls of its brightly-lit interior the Masters of the early 18th century have put all the joyful triumph of the baroque age into their paintings, colouring and stucco work. The sacristy is known for its "Judgement Day", and "Last Supper", 792 346

by J. C. Hackhofer, and the library for its treasures of old manuscript.

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by J. C. Hackhofer, and the library for its treasures of old manuscripts.

Space must be found for a word about the hill country between the Raab and the Mur, the Land of the Seven Valleys which, separated from one another by forested heights, all guide their dark streams past quiet rural villages and mills hidden behind alder groves, flowing in the same direction towards the Mur. The latter, sweeping eastwards, forms a natural boundary for Styria. In the forests the edible chestnut is common, here and there casting its shade over a tumulus, which bears witness to long-forgotten settlements. Summer warms the air with southern strength, autumn bringing clear skies and the finest views from the footpaths which wind through vineyards and woods to white chapels.

529 The Gleichenberge and the Stradner Kogel are of volcanic origin. The curative properties of their springs are widely known. Bad Gleichenberg enables numerous visitors to combine the healing qualities of forest solitude, with up-to-date medical equipment.

245 The vine, which is cultivated in East Styria with varying results north of Hartberg, steadily improves in quality towards the south, reaching its zenith in the Klöcher Gebirge and around Halbenrain where the fine vintages are stored in the wine-cellars.

361 Mureck is a town of ancient Styrian civic culture, but its crown, the castle of Obermureck, lies on the other side of the Mur in what is today foreign territory, [342] as does Oberradkersburg, the ducal castle which since 1918 has been separated from the most southern town in Austria, the ever-loyal Radkersburg. None of the sufferings of a frontier town has been spared it. The tombstones in the churchyard of the gothic parish church are witness to the origins of its inhabitants. The venerable relics of Styrian civic life of olden times which are preserved in the tower of the Rathaus below the solemn frescoes of Fritz Silberbauer will encourage future generations to emulate the loyalty and watchfulness of their ancestors.

[498] THE STYRIAN ENNSTAL. Where the train leaves the narrow valley of the Palten to enter the broader valley of the Enns, it is greeted by a noisy network of sidings, signals and rails in the big station of Selzthal. The time-table describes it as a junction where many passengers change trains at an important crossing of north-south and west-east routes. Its name is better known in and outside the Province than many another which formerly meant fame and surviving tradition in the Enns Valley. A hundred years ago Selzthal was not much more than the name of a district, of a forest valley in which the charcoal-burners worked for the

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[217]

*Bad Aussee.*

and forestry all found a home here. Progress and civilisation were spread through the surrounding virgin forests and through the properties which had been given to the monastery in Sausal and Untersteier. Often threatened by fire, the monastery has succeeded in preserving undamaged its famous treasury, the library with the frescoes of Altomonte and the masterpieces of J. T. Stammel up to the present day. During the heyday of the monastery, the flower of Austria's youth took their vows here, a long line of artists, men of learning and priests being noted in the chronicles of the monks during the course of a whole century. The great world, however, has forgotten most of their names, although historians still speak of Abbot Heinrich II, whose gifts of statesmanship resulted in the dignity of a Governor of Styria being added to his title of Abbot before he was treacherously murdered in 1297.

Better remembered in our own times are the names of the scholars Richard Peinlich and Albert von Muchar, after whom streets have been named by the provincial capital.

After a short, enforced pause, the rule of St. Benedict was re-established in the almost 900 year old cloister, a monastic revival in modern times of a venerable past.

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Towards the north, beyond the little village of Hall, where salt was crystallized out of the waters in the 12th century, and the hidden, solitary mills, the Haller Mauern majestically enclose the Admont Valley. How grand are the names of the Steinberge—Pyhrgas, Hochturm, Hexenturm and Natternriegel! And how grandly their cliffs and peaks glow beneath the summer sky. For nearly half the year through clear and frosty wintry days they are covered with a glittering mantle of snow.

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To the South the jagged Hahnstein rears its head, blocking the view to the higher peaks of Sparafeld and the Reichenstein. On the slopes of the Klosterkogel lies Röthelstein Castle. Lime trees stand in the outer courtyard, which is surrounded by a turreted and loopholed wall. A massive archway leads to the Residence which is known as a fine example of 17th and 18th century architecture.



? [i.e. Admont Monastery -- Analyst]

133 It is not surprising that in the Middle Ages it was described as the highest mountain in Styria and that the people paid tribute to its majesty in awe-inspired legends.

361 The market-town of Gröbming is worth a visit. Holidaymakers are attracted to it because of its fine situation and wonderful scenery. People from a wide area come to deal with officials who long ago established themselves here because of [346] the central position. Art lovers come again and again on pilgrimages to the beautiful gothic church whose great carved triptych altar of the year 1510 stands out among other art treasures.

Going upstream, we find the Enns flowing through increasingly cultivated and civilised country the nearer it gets to the old mountain town of Schladming. This place has been well planned and beautifully proportioned about a great square. Overshadowed by the towers of the Catholic parish church of the 16th century and the Evangelical church (1862), it presents a picture of dignified calm. In the past it has seen much want, warfare and tumult. It was the scene of peasant and religious wars. Fires and economic collapse ruined many an old family. The civic rights which were lost by Schladming in the year 1525 were restored to it again in 1925 in recognition of the courageous temperament and vigour of its 133 population. The Schladming countryside gets its individual note from two plateaus, the Rohrmoos and the Ramsau. The latter, lying at a height of over 3000 feet at the foot of the Dachstein, has been populated and cultivated for ages. The picturesquely-scattered farm-houses bear many evidences of their occupants' unquenchable love of the homeland. Thanks to its healthy situation in the heights and the approach it offers to the Dachstein via the Austriahütte, Ramsau is one of the most popular holiday centres of the Alps.

342 From Rohrmoos, a little further off, the view of the Dachstein range is if anything grander and more impressive. Here, as on the Ramsau, the farmhouses have in many cases retained the local peculiarity of the flatly inclined purlin roofs (as they are to be found westwards in the adjoining province of Salzburg). Together with the wooden shingle roofs weighted down by stones, they give the countryside its distinguishing note. These comfortable and homely dwellings are fast disappearing. Modern ideas and times call for economy with wooden shingles, pointing to the greater space and other advantages afforded by the steep roof.

133 HOCHSCHWAB AND MARIAZELL. On the borders of Lower Austria rises the broad and mighty complex of the Hochschwab. The range covers a surface of 400 square kilometres and includes over a hundred separate peaks. When the townsman sees these mountains, he has the feeling that Faust's magic

*factories, brick kilns, lignite works. There are factories which turn out linen, hemp and jute, blankets and felt, pencils, artists' chalks, asbestos, jade, sugar and methylated spirit. There are canneries for fruit and vegetables, and workshops producing stucco supports from the reeds of the Neusiedler Lake.*

### *BURGENLAND—THE GARDEN OF VIENNA.*

*Fruit, vegetables, grapes, the first early cherries, fresh lettuce, cauliflower, asparagus, strawberries, apricots, tender french beans—the first, long awaited harvest, doubly welcome after the winter, rolls in the spring towards the Vienna markets in a chain of high-piled lorries.*

### *OGGAUER WINE.*

*In Oggau there is a Roman cemetery which dates back to the third or fourth century A. D., in the graves of which clay vessels have been found. Archaeologists say that these vessels contained the wine given to the dead to take with them on their journey to the other world. This calls for reflection. In those days every mortal expected that he would be served with nectar and ambrosia at the table of the gods. But the inhabitants of Oggau preferred to take with them their choicest wines rather than have to be dependent on the drinks of the gods.*

*Gustinus Ambrosi, the deaf sculptor, says of his Burgenland:*

*"How fortunate that I have travelled through the whole of Europe and have been able to drink in the splendour and magnificence of its many countries, with their thousand types of scenery, peculiarities and variations. Certainly it is nice to stay at home, but I felt the urge to get away and would have gone to the ends of the earth,*

disappear. In former times it seems to have behaved even worse, for old documents mention it sometimes as a lake, once as a swamp, once as a river, then as a stream, while others appear not to have known of its existence.

The country lying between Eisenstadt and Ödenburg, Mattersburg and Rust, is the real heart of the Province. The lake parishes of Oggau and Mörbisch and the small "free town" of Rust are far-famed for their wine. On the gabled roofs and the chimney-pots stand pensive storks, in the vaulted cellars lie the massive wine barrels. As far back as the year 1364 the inhabitants received royal permission to mark them with the coat-of-arms of Rust—a trade-mark protected by law nearly 600 years ago!

Leaving the delights of Oggauer and Ruster wines, let us turn to Eisenstadt, the city of Josef Haydn.

One does not need to be especially sensitive to atmosphere to feel the genius of the great master in this little town which is so closely united with the surrounding countryside. The tiny house where he lived is still standing. How

*Esterházy Castle, Eisenstadt.*

*even to exotic climes, in order to learn.*

*If I add up, I find I have spent nearly half my life so far in eight European countries. And yet of all the impressions, of all the wonderful scenery which I shall never forget, which was the most wonderful? I found it in my little home province of Burgenland, which hardly knows of the existence of the great world outside...*"

*Softly rolling slopes, hedges, distant hills are blended in a mystic harmony. A wonderful green, almost olive grey tint reflects in still majesty the glowing rays of the sun. The landscape is a series of undulating waves in which the farmers tend their fields. In the distance lie the white rows of village houses. In some of the fields the red poppy grows so thickly in spring that the deep red patches spread over the countryside as if God had underlined in this red ink, the poppies waving in the wind, that this is a happy countryside.*

*At Güttenbach, in the district of Güssing, a buried relic of the Celts was found—a hoard of silver coins which aroused the enthusiasm of numismatists until one day some cold-blooded investigator established that they were only copper coins with a thin silver-plating. Let us should think too badly of this Celtic official counterfeiting, let us remember that at the same epoch, in distant Asia, the forging of banknotes had long been a flourishing industry.*

*BURGENLAND—STORK LAND.*

*If a girl is born, violets are put into the oven so that the child may not get freckles. The first actions of every newborn babe are of the utmost importance. If he stretches out his hand towards money, he will become a thief, if he tries to grasp a whip, he will make a good farmer.*

small a space its walls enclose, and how far has the spirit of the human being who lived within them shone out across land and sea and across the changes of time. In Haydn's day the mail-coach still rumbled heavily over bumpy streets, but the simple Burgenländer Haydn, who made his first journey abroad only in old age, could say with quiet pride: "My language is understood everywhere!"

Haydn's home has been turned into a museum. Yellowed leaves with jottings from his hand are precious reminders of the creator of unfading beauty. Haydn is not alone in this tiny room. He shares it with Liszt, Burgenland's other great son, and with the daughter of his music copyist, the dancer Fanny Elssler—a glittering three-pointed star in the heavens of music.

Near by stands the palace of the Esterházys, strange, arrogant, yet impressive, built on the foundations of a mediaeval castle and renewed in baroque style by Italian architects at the end of the 17th century. The plain façade has inharmonious ornaments in the shape of terra cotta busts which are clumsy representations of former Esterházys and of Hungarian monarchs. But the garden front, in classic style with a view across a fine natural park on the slopes of the Leithagebirge, is impressive. From the terrace in front there is a no less wonderful view of the almost Tuscan landscape, framed by the Rosaliengebirge and the Ödenburger Mountains.

Although Eisenstadt is still so small a place, its new dignity as capital of the Province (since 1924) has meant a considerable increase in the number of modern

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*Eisenstadt, Synagogue Death-Glass.*

buildings—the Council Hall, attractive official buildings, the homes of civil servants and villas. Side by side stands the history of old Eisenstadt written in stone—the old royal free town, the Esterházy residence, the Jewish Ghetto in Unterberg and the more recent settlement of Oberberg. The Wolff Collection in the Provincial Museum has some unique monuments of Jewish culture. The Calvary Mount in the Bergkirche gives a glimpse of another world, with its painted, strikingly realistic wooden figures in curious grottos. A first inspection of Eisenstadt may well be rounded off by a visit to the wonder-working picture of the Virgin and to the tomb of Haydn in the Bergkirche.

Other attractions await us. Above Mattersburg appear the slopes of the Rosaliengebirge, covered with the luscious purple of flowering sage. One could wish that here spring might last for ever for us to admire the sea of blossom, cherry tree after cherry tree intermingled with peach and apricot, and the yellow-white blossoms of the plum, with their tangle of intertwined black twigs; great beds of strawberries flourish in the rich and fertile soil.

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Far above the little village of Forchtenstein stands a well-preserved castle of the same name. It was once the seat of the Counts of Mattersdorf, whose forebears, Simon and Bertram, came from Spain in the year 1200 with their sister Tota, of whose beauty it was said that it had no equal throughout the world. A poet might well harbour the fancy that her beauty lives on in the spring splendour of the flowering hedges on the Rosaliengebirge. The student of history may remember that in the year 1374 the Counts of Mattersdorf and Forchtenstein placed this part of the Province under the jurisdiction of the Duke of Austria. Their escutcheon, combined with that of the Güssingers, forms today the coat-of-arms of Burgenland.

*Forchtenstein.*

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The early Stone Age has left evidence of human progress in the Wulka Plain. The Bronze Age which succeeded it was marked by a consi-

*FOLKSONG.*

*When Croatian girls are singing*
*To the tamburizza's sound,*
*You hear ancient lays a-ringing,*
*Every eye casts smiles around.*

*For they're singing of Junakus,*
*Their land's rapture and distress.*
*Of the king's descendant, Marko,*
*And his wife, the proud princess.*

derable development of traffic and trade. The Bernsteinstrasse, that famous trading highway of prehistoric times along which, about 1000 years before Christ, the honey-coloured amber, tears of the sea, was brought from the coasts of Samland to Italy, passes through the Burgenland. It crossed the Danube at Hainburg, a predecessor of the Roman road which later lead to Italy by way of Carnuntum, Ödenburg, Steinamanger and Laibach. Today Ödenburg (Sopron) belongs to Hungary. What the "Ödenburg Sack", connected to Hungary by a narrow tongue of land only five kilometres wide between the frontier and the Neusiedler Lake is to Hungary, is to Austria the "Ödenburg Spur" which limits the Burgenland to a width of four kilometres and almost cuts the northern and southern parts of the Province off from one another. Seven roads and three railways are thus cut off. The only road which connects the two regions had to be built by the Austrian Government.

*"The Bloody Hall", Lockenhaus Castle.*

Southwards this road leads to the Oberpullendorf district, a hilly country with varied scenery and attractions of its own. Anyone interested in tracing historical developments must hasten through the Province to the spot where a range of mountains forms a barrier dividing Burgenland into two parts. The eastern corner which at the same time marks the Hungarian frontier, is the Geschriebenstein, the tallest mountain of the Province, some 2,700 feet high. Its summit affords a wide view across the plain of Raabau. On its slopes, just on the other side of the frontier at Wöllembach, on the St. Veitsberg, stood one of the best-known foundries in the Bronze Age, a prehistoric industrial centre.

Here the Burgenland reveals itself to the traveller. At the foot of the Geschriebenstein lies the forest-surrounded castle of Lockenhaus, which, with its Gothic Knights' Hall and a keep five stories high, dates back to the year 1200. Almost as old are the ruins of Landsee Castle on the borders of Lower Austria, one of the biggest castles in the country.

But to bore a tourist by dragging him from castle to castle as far as Kobersdorf would be risky, since it would—finally land him on volcanic soil.

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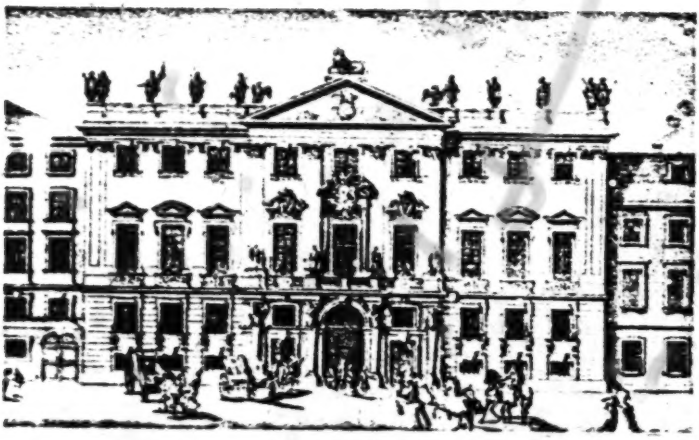

*Bohemian Court Chancellery.*

192 197 word "prado", meaning "meadow". A foreign word, the Viennese seized on it, made it their own, the stranger soon became a real Viennese, the "Prater". So it has been with many another expression which may have been Greek—or Spanish—to the Viennese at the outset.

363 The elegant Kärntnerstrasse leads straight from the Ring to the Stephansplatz. We can stroll through it and enjoy its fascinating shop windows another time. Now let us cross it to enter the Himmelpfortgasse where the Winter Palace of Prince Eugene of Savoy is situated. Because the narrow street does not afford a clear view, the statues which usually decorate the entrances to such palais are missing, the three ● 342 gateways being ornamented only with reliefs. The impression made by the grand staircase in the interior is all the greater, Fischer von Erlach and Lukas von Hildebrand united to create a magnificent palace for the great military leader, although the Belvedere Palace on the other side of the Ringstrasse is a monument to Prince Eugene which is even more imposing.

363 346 Let us wander on through the complex of narrow streets in the old city, through the venerable, twisting Schönlaterngasse with its dormer windows and porticos, its legend-haunted houses, through the Sonnenfelsgasse in which there is not a single modern house and follow the Bäckerstrasse up to the Alte Universitätsplatz, with its view of the early baroque Jesuitenkirche and the venerable Aula.

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*The Freyung, with the Schottenkirche and Harrach Palais.*

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life of St. Charles Borromäus symbolise the triumph of the Counter-Reformation. The junction of the cupola and a Corinthian portico points to the temples of antiquity and the quality of Karl VI as ruler of the Holy Roman Empire. The great architect consciously rejected all colour and heavily decorative scrollwork in planning the magnificent proportions of the lofty interior in order to increase the monumental effect.

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Not far from the Karlskirche is the broad and sunny Schwarzenbergplatz. Let the visitor decide for himself whether there is any other square in Vienna which can compare with the generous expanse and distinguished reserve of this one.

Adjoining the Schwarzenbergplatz is an architectural district with a character of its own.

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THE BELVEDERE. From whatever direction you approach the grounds of the Belvedere you feel that you are about to be the guest of a Prince, a true cavalier. If it belongs to the soul of Viennese culture to combine the significant or rather the truly great in art with an element of irresistible charm, then the two Belvederes, Upper and Lower, can be accepted as the most typical examples of Vienna art. The world has to thank Lukas von Hildebrandt for these peerless baroque masterpieces.

The Lower Palace used to be the summer residence of Prince Eugene, although he was only able to visit it at short intervals between military campaigns. After his death, much was changed inside and outside, but the ceiling frescoes of Altomonte

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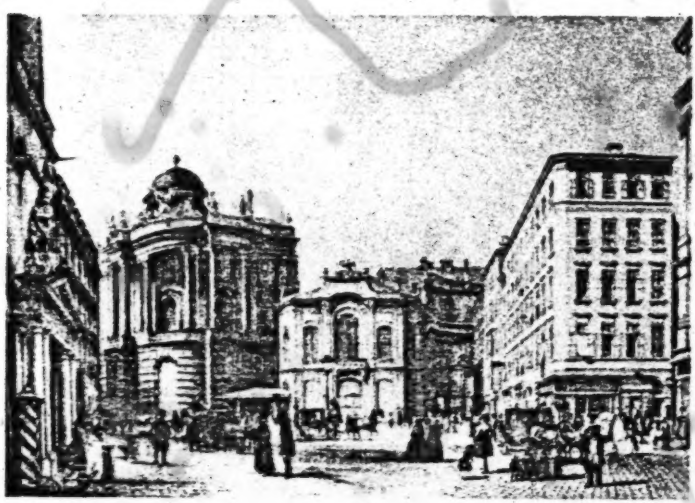

*Michaelerplatz*

342 and Fanti still glow in their pristine colours, the two-storied Marble Hall still displays magnificent mouldings. Allegorical reliefs depict Eugene, not merely as a tactical genius, but also as a peace-maker and apostle of culture.

The two palaces are harmoniously connected by a terraced park in which it is easy to imagine proud cavaliers with powdered wigs and swords strolling with smiling ladies in elaborate gowns of rustling silk.

At the top of the park is the Upper Belvedere, with its corner pavilions and mansard roofs. In the time of Prince Eugene it was a proud residence which made a fitting background for great feasts and receptions. How clear-cut are the finely ornamented roofs of the two wing towers at the corners against the blue of the sky. We pass into the ceremonial Sala Terrena, the entrance hall with its mighty figures of Atlas supporting the ceiling arches. The splendour of the broad well-lighted staircase which leads to the Marble Hall, and goes on up to the third story, takes one's breath away. Here the full glory of Hildebrandt's interior decoration is revealed in slender pillars, mouldings and cleverly-painted imitations of architectural features. Naturally the brilliance and luxury which filled these halls in baroque days will never return to them.

From the balcony there is a magnificent view over Vienna, embracing the lower garden palace, the green domes of the Karlskirche and the Salesianerkirche and the silhouette of the great city as it loses itself in the clear-cut, rolling lines of the Wienerwald hills. 342

In front of the south façade of the Upper Belvedere Palace, near the main entrance, is a quiet pond. Its clear surface reflects all the lovely outlines of this loveliest of all the Vienna palaces. In the festive halls the great mirrors along the walls gather the light and prolong their length into infinity. Dream and reality mingle where, as in baroque churches, the ceiling frescoes show the heavens opening with their saints and cherubs, and we can hardly distinguish the architectural features painted on the walls from the plastic actuality of marble. That is the spirit of the Baroque—an illusion which delights is better than a depressing truth—the spirit of an age in which western people found a form of cultural expression which has survived to this day. 341 517

People often speak of the wild extravagance and redundance of the baroque style of building. Princes, noblemen and monasteries did indeed squander great sums in those times in order that art should prosper—the art which went to enrich palaces and cathedrals, parks and marble statues as a triumph of the spiritual over the material. But if we pause to reflect how Vienna has been enriched by the glory and beauty of this art, we shall value and praise this extravagance.

With the name of the Belvedere in Vienna is linked—

SCHÖNBRUNN. The Palace and the Park form one harmonious whole. The first design for the grounds of Schönbrunn came from Fischer von Erlach. The great architect had planned to place here a splendid building right in the midst of the then unspoiled beauties of meadows and forests of the Wienerwald. It was to be a glittering fairy palace, with flower-covered terraces, porticos and fountains, commanding the whole countryside. This plan was over-ambitious and for that reason was never carried out. The Emperor died, the available funds were exhausted and the architects of his daughter Maria Theresia, Pacassi and Hohenberg, were only able to lay out a part of the grounds. 344

There is a trace of Italian palace architecture about this palace; the conception of the great central tract and of the statues along the coping was taken directly from the south. The two galeries on the lines of those in Versailles and the combining of palace and grounds in one harmonious whole exemplify the quieter French style of architecture.

The whole building glows with the warmth of that attractive shade of colour which is described as "Maria-Theresia yellow". Its lines emphasize the horizontal and everywhere seek to strike a note of gaiety and happiness in being alive. The main block is made up of three sections which blend together with the two wings into a wonderfully harmonious piece of architecture. The two outer flights of